

Thine heart, hard and feigned  
is ! A mind profane? and of the worst  
suspicious !

In speech not delicious ! \*

A tongue tied, which cannot utter 1

Gesture lame, like words which stutter  
! Thy hands and mind, unapt In music to  
rejoice!

For songs unfit, an hoarse voice !  
Thy faith unconstant, whatsoe'er thou  
mutter ! Be gracious! No ! She thinks  
my words be bitter ! Through my  
misfortunes, they for myself be fitter!

O how long ! how long shall I be  
distress!! How long in vain shall I  
moan ! How long in pain shall I groan!  
How long shall I bathe in continual  
tears! How long shall I sit sad, and sigh  
alone ! How long shall fear discomfort  
give ! How long shall hopes let me live !  
How long shall I lie bound in despairs  
and fears!

With sorrow still my heart wears ! My  
sundry fancies subdue me ! Thine eyes kill me,  
when they view me! When thou speaks with my  
soul; thy voice music maketh\*

And souls from silence waketh !  
Thy brow's smiles quicken me; whose frowns  
slew me ! Then fair Sweet! behold! See me,  
poor wretch! in torment | Thou perceivest  
well! but thine heart will not relent.

Mine Eyes and Sleep be fierce  
professed foes 1 Much care  
and tears did make it: Nor  
yet will they forsake it;  
But they will vex my brains, and troubled eyes !  
If any sorrow sleep, they will wake it!